MEMORIES

By MABEL MATHESON CASSARD

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Mabel Matheson Cassard

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FOREWORD.

To those who have known the author of these poems in her earthly life, this book is primarily addressed. It is intended as a message from her of the happy times passed in the companionship of those she loved; it will serve to recall those occasions when her own personality lent expression to these poems in her recitations. The poems in turn express her own personality, bearing through them an appreciation of the beautiful or a theme of love that is intense and calm and deep, or a reflection of her cheerful, happy disposition.

Hers was the soul of an artist. She had that enthusiastic appreciation of the beautiful and harmonious in whatever form of art or nature they appeared, but she found her own fullest expression of them in literature and dramatic art.

Nor did this artistic nature disqualify her for the more practical things of life. On the contrary, her life was essentially practical and orderly, and her quick mastery of household duties after her marriage was a surprise even to those who knew her best. This orderly instinct was manifested in providing even for her possible death, as also in the smallest details of preparation for the care of that little life that went out with hers.

She was a devoted wife and daughter, and surely a devoted mother as well, for she loved little children, and she awoke there in the possession of her own. To the memory of her happy, useful life this book is lovingly dedicated by

HER HUSBAND AND FAMILY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That she is dead—she is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since she lingers there.

* * * * * *

Think of her still as the same, I say;
She is not dead—she is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

MEMORY

Ah, my beloved, memory is sweet!
A passion flower half seen through mists of tears;
A maid who lingers with reluctant feet
Upon the threshold of the coming years;
A melody by moonlight softly played
That echoes faintly down the halls of time;
A gentle breeze that blows from some dream glade
Where ever-blooming roses thickly climb;
A sweet perfume that stirs the heart's deep core,
And makes the pulses leap and beat anew;
Yea, all these things is Memory—and more,
And yet, beloved, Memory is you!

SONG OF LIFE

Sing, my heart, sing!
The year's at the Spring,
Out in the meadows the daisies are blowing;
Leap, my heart, leap,
Wake from your sleep,
For through your portals life's Springtide is flowing!

Rest, my heart, rest,
Eyes to the west,
There where the sun slowly sinks in the deep;
Pray, my heart, pray,
'Tis the close of life's day,
Now in the arms of the Lord mayst thou sleep.

AMBITION

The Rose of Desire blooms on the mountain top,
A dweller in the valley, I,
But climbing upwards from the depths,
To reach the mountain heights I try.

With weary feet and straining limbs,
I struggle high and ever higher,
Still mounting upwards to the heights
Where blooms the Rose of my Desire.

Though I may never pluck that rose
To wear it on my breast,
Still I have climbed,—still I have climbed—
God knoweth what is best!

TRUST

Sunrise and sunset and dawn of a tomorrow:
Who knows if the day will bring forth joy or sorrow?
Will it be dreary or will it be gay;
Joy to give pleasure or sadness to cope?
Let the new day bring what it may,
Ours but to meet it with faith and with hope!

DAWN

Mine eyes behold the purple of the hills,
The misty purple of the hills of dream;
The slender poplars on the sedgy shore
Send their long shade across the shimmering stream.

The hush of dawn is over all the land:
No sight of god or mortal meets my view;
Now doth the sun give forth his golden rays,
And takes for pay the glittering diamond dew.

On every hedge the little birds are singing
To usher in the fresh and virgin morn,
And in the dewy stillness of the dawning,
The radiant day is born.

THE NUN

Within the narrow cloister walls,
With vestments black, and humble mien,
From early dawn till darkness falls
I live in holy calm serene.

I do not heed the noisy world
That argues over jarring creeds,
I walk the lily rows between
With silent tread, and tell my beads.

And at our Blessed Lady's shrine
I kneel in adoration there.
The image of our sacred Lord
Is with me always, everywhere.

MOTHER EARTH

"The world is too much with us."
—Wordsworth.

Can't you hear the woodlands calling?
Can't you hear them calling softly,
Sighing whispers on the wind.
Hear the myriad voices calling,
See the myriad fingers beckon,
While the myriad eyes are casting
Longing looks behind.

O, you dweller in the city,
In the sordid, grimy city,
With the roar and din and clamor
Of the eager greed for gain,
'Tis your Mother Earth that calls you,
With the voice of God she calls you,
Will you let her call in vain?

Her fragrant breath will fan you,
And her tender tears will lave you,
And her gentle voice will lull
Your careworn soul to rest;
While her loving lips caress you
And her gentle arms will press you
Close—ah, close against her loving breast.

NOCTURNE

The golden fireflies flash across the clover,
The fragrant air is sweet with scent of flowers;
Holding the stars on high like tipsy candles,
Now come the drowsy hours.

Across the gloom I hear the night-jay calling,
I hear the night-jay calling to his mate,
And ever through the heavy dank-mists falling,
Loud hoots the owl sedate.

The moon, a shepherdess of pallid splendor,
Herdeth the little stars like silent sheep;
Closing her weary eyes at last, contented,
The day has gone to sleep.

SPRING COMETH!

O great white world! O loveliness unspeakable!
The pale earth lieth in her winding sheet;
The sombre pines a solemn dirge are singing
In voices sad and sweet.

But grieve not for her death, Oh, my beloved,
Her resurrection cometh with the Spring,
When every herb and tree and blossom
Their flowery banners fling.

Burgeoning buds where late the branches bore
Burden of ice and coat of snowy flakes;
Spring's magic wand will gild the whole earth o'er,
And lo! the earth awakes!

THE QUEST

We talked together, my soul and I;
  My soul said, "Let us seek the God."
So forth we fared together
  Over the grass-grown sod.

And the lark sang, and the thrushes
  And the wind sang in the rushes,
And each blade of grass up-springing
  Seemed to join them in their singing.

So we entered first the temple
  Built of stone, unyielding, cold;
And the air within was dead,
  And the stones were dank with mould.

A burst of joyful singing
  Rose on the lips of men,
And the sound of their voices ringing
  Made the arches ring again.

But the walls were covered with ancient dust
  That shook as men mumbled their ancient creed,
And the hearts of men were filled with lust,
  Were filled with envy and hate and greed.

To the sound of hymn and psalter
  The mighty organ pealed,
But behind the lighted altar
  Stood Mammon half concealed.

Without, the sunlight blessed us,
  His warmth and light caressed us,
We felt the power of peace and love
  In the teeming life below, above.

Behold, I looked at my soul,
  And lo, the God was there.
"Yea," said my soul, "God is in me,
  And God is everywhere."

INSPIRATION

List to the Song of the Morning Star
  At dawn when the morn is pale,
Then dip thy pen in thine own heart's blood
  And write,—and thou canst not fail.

SONNET

Could I but sing the beauty of the world,
The ecstasy and joy on sea and land,
The splendor of the sunset flag unfurled,
And make the heedless crowd to understand
That all this loveliness reveals our God:
(His the mysterious marvel of the seed
That pushes hopeful spears above the sod),
If but my song hath power to make men heed
The wonder of the darkness and the light
That change in loveliness from hour to hour,
The mystery and peace that clothe the night,
The thought of God that lies in every flower,
Then would I sing the glory of His might,
His glory and His majesty and power!

NOVEMBER

The waning Year, who, like a reckless fellow,
Rich Nature's garnered treasures cast away
When he was gay in scarlet bright, and yellow,
Now sadly dons his sober suit of gray.

Amid the silence of November dusk,
He sits alone, reflecting on the past.
Of his vast store remains a withered husk;
He sits alone and silent—Earth's outcast.

MY RICHES

No worldly wealth have I, no store
  Of gold or jewels fine;
No treasured heap of silver dross
  Or hard cold gems are mine.

But ah! At night when shine the stars,
  I look up at the skies;
The bright moon sends her silver down
  To glad my eager eyes.

Her shimmering rays come softly down
  To gild my humble floor;
I am so rich I cannot count
  My heaped up treasures o'er.

The jewel casket of the dawn
  Is op'd for my delight;
Ruby and pearl and amethyst
  Each morning meet my sight.

Yea, I am rich and so art thou,
  If thou hast eyes to see;
The loveliness of earth and heaven
  Belongs to you and me.

THE STREET OF BYE AND BYE

By the Street of Bye and Bye
  We reach the House of Never,
Deep in that arid wilderness,
  The land of Lost Endeavor.

The way is fair,
The languorous air
  Is sweet with bud and bloom,
But oh, beware,
That path so fair
  But leads thee to thy doom.

In the Street of Bye and Bye,
  The lotus flowers sway,
And shed their drowsy perfume
  Along the pleasant way.

Oh, all is gay
Along the way
  That leads to Lost Endeavor.
But dire dismay
And dark decay
  Surround the House of Never.

There, arid waste,
A land defaced,
  Is all that meets the eye
Of those who taste
The lotus placed
  In the Street of Bye and Bye.

THE PIPER'S PAY

Dance if you will down the primrose way,
  Dance while the pipers play;
Take your fill if you will of laughter and song,
  But remember the piper's pay.

Oh, the purple blossoms are poison-sweet
  That bloom on the primrose way,
And forbidden fruit is sweet to eat
  When the heart is young and gay.

But the sweetness dies and the pleasure flies,
  And the heart grows weary and gray;
And the end of it all is bitterest gall,
  And *that* is the piper's pay.

THE WEAVERS

Before you came, the Fates who wove my life
Wove it of threads of dark and sombre hue,
Dull brown and ashen gray and inky black;
But now across the woof the golden thread of you
Shines like a flame!

HAME LANGIN'

My hame is by the Frith o' Forth,
  An' it's there that I would be,
Where the waters travel from the north
  To join the eager sea.

My bairns in this new land
  Are kind as bairns can be,
And the new land is a great land,
  But it's not for such as me.

My auld heart is greetin' sair,
  An' the tear stands in my ee
When I'm thinkin' on the heather
  O' my ain countrie.

A SONG OF HEARTS

Man's heart is like an inn,
  Where love stays but a day;
But a woman's heart is like a home
  Where love abides for aye.

Where love abides for aye,
  And never cares to roam;
Oh, man's heart is like an inn,
  But woman's heart's a home!

AN AUTUMN FANCY

The painted face of Autumn
  Smiles on her lord, the Sun;
She knows that his love is dying,
  That her day is nearly done.

She has decked herself out in splendor
  Like a faded old coquette,
And she adds one charm to another,
  For she thinks she may win him yet.

But the heart of her lord is cold,
  And he turns away his eyes.
Slow fall her tears, and the gold
  Of her hair and beauty dies.

Her beauty of gold and of red,
  Her beauty the sun has kissed,
Is paling as one that is dead,
  And she veils her face in mist.

DREAMS

The Dream Angel comes in a mist of light,
A mist of the pale moonbeams;
With a mystic light her eyes are bright,
And around her float the dreams.

Red poppies cling to her gray green robe,
In her long, long hair they float,
For her head they form a scarlet crown,
They circle her snowy throat.

And around her float the wraith-like dreams,—
The dreamland music hear;
They chant the drowsy lullabies
So soft and sweet and clear.

Sometimes it sounds like a silvery laugh,
Sometimes like a sob of pain,
And now like the whisper of rustling leaves,
Or the summer's gentle rain.

And again it sounds like the soughing winds
As on dark, cold nights they moan,
And now like the drowsy hum of bees,
Or an insect's lazy drone.

The dreams are ghosts of happy hours
That long ago have fled,
And some are memories of love
And kisses from the dead.

They come and nestle in our hearts,
  And bid dull care begone,
They warm and feed our hungry souls
  Till the coming of the dawn.

When thy cool kiss falls on my brow,
  How bright the future seems;
Thou bringest joy and peace and love,
  O Angel of the Dreams.

PRISONER OF HOPE

There lived a lady of a poet's dream
Who wove a magic web beside a stream—
"The Lady of Shalott" the name she bore—
A curse was laid on her, and evermore

She still must weave her fancies all adream,
Forbidden she to look upon the stream
That ripples silver sparkling by her door,
Flashing with life and ceasing nevermore.

Ah, am I then a Lady of Shalott?
Here must I weave my hope that changes not,
While ever past me in a ceaseless stream
Flows life's broad river with its flashing gleam.

DREAM DANCERS

(*To be recited to the music of Money Musk.*)

O, dancers of the Money Musk!
I see them through the gathering dusk,
The dusk of long since vanished years,
And in my eyes a mist of tears
Unbidden starts when I recall
That they have all departed—all.
In dreams I call them from the dusk
To dance again to Money Musk.

Where are the laughing, bright-eyed girls,
And Phoebe with the chestnut curls,
Who stole my heart with one sweet glance
Amid the music of the dance;
And in the corner Fiddler Joe,
Who marked the time with active bow?

"Now forward six! and swing to place!"
They danced with such a rustic grace,
Those country girls of long ago.
"Oh, swing your partner! Pass below!"
Alas, no more they "Right and left!"
I sit alone, of friends bereft.

And she, my partner in the dance,
A figure from some quaint romance;
If one could backward turn the dial
And see again her slow, sweet smile!
Goodnight, sweetheart, 'tis growing dusk,
We dance no more to Money Musk!

LOVE IMMORTAL

In a fair garden at the world's end
  We met, you, Love, and I;
The land lay in an ecstasy of bloom
  Under the turquoise sky.

Singing water and laughing land,
  And the blue, blue sky above,
And never a soul in all the world,
  Save you and me and love.

For that was long e'er the earth began,
  Or the sun and the stars awoke;
Before Time was, or the universe
  Had cast off its inky cloak.

For I loved you then as I love you now,
  With a love that can never die;
With a love that shall last while Time shall last,
  As aeon and aeon rolls by.

It matters not where'er you are,
  Wherever you may be,
The voice of my soul will speak to yours,
  And yours will answer me!

TO ELLEN TERRY

Spirit of sunshine—that is what we call her,
  Dear Ellen Terry from a distant shore;
Mellowed by years, yet with a voice as tender,
  A smile as radiant as she had of yore.

Mischievous, subtle, elusive as the south wind,
  Heedless of pelf or power;
Art thou that Beatrice indeed,
  Born in a merry hour?

O lovely face, by sunshine kissed,
  O laughing eyes and dimples merry,
Small wonder that we can't resist
  To love you, Ellen Terry.

A PORTRAIT

Eyes inscrutable,
Mouth that is mutable,
Mystery, mastery, witchery, too;
Large-hearted laughter, something of tears,
Youthful, nay, ageless, defying the years,
Knowing the secret the ancient Sphinx knew.
All human,
All woman,
That's you!

LOVE SONG

Starfire,—your eyes,
  Sunfire,—your hair;
Two glowing altar fires of love
  The angels have lit there.

My heart upon these burning pyres
  A willing sacrifice I lay,
And night and day before your shrine
  On bended knee I pray.

TO ————

"A star danced and under it I was born."
—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

Under what star wert thou born,
  Queen of our tears and laughter,
Daughter of dew-spangled morn,
  Under what star wert thou born?

Voicing our joys and our sorrows,
  Painting our grief and our pleasure;
Playing a dirge to fill us with grief,
  Or a jig to dance us a measure.

Under the dancing star
  That hangs in the sky at gray morn,
Of Shakespeare's Beatrice, the birth-star,
  Under what star wert thou born?

UNREQUITED

Think of me but as the white moon-moth,
That flits across the dark,
Or the butterfly that lives but an hour
And then lies cold and stark.
Let me but flutter through your dreams
As the white moth flits through the moon's bright beams,
Or the butterfly kisses the leaves of a flower
And dies—and dies in an hour.

Show me one glimpse of your golden heart,
Give me one passionate kiss e'er we part;
Passion's a mixture of rapture and pain,
Love is enough though 'tis given in vain.
Think of me but as the white moon-moth
That flits across the dark,
Or the butterfly that lives but an hour
And then lies cold and stark!

ROSEMARY AND RUE

Beside a sprig of rosemary
I laid a sprig of rue;
For me the flower of bitterness,
The rosemary for you.

When our love lay a-dying,
Ah, then, indeed I knew;
For you the flower of memory,
For me the bitter rue.

LOVE'S QUEST

Love stands without thy heart and knocks,
The wee god Love, and yet so great,
The whole world kneeleth at his feet;
He pleads that he may enter in.
Canst thou resist that voice so sweet?
Love stands without thy heart and knocks.

Come bid him enter ere it be too late,
Is it because thy heart is cold?
Thou hast no room for love at all
Thy heart so filled with lust for gold
The lust of gold that leads to hate?
Love stands without thy heart and knocks.

Thou wilt not let him in? Ah, then beware,
His arrow's winged dart,
That with revengeful hand he aims
To pierce thy quivering heart,
No balm, save time alone, can heal
The poison of its smart.

SOLITUDE OF THE SOUL

Far in a forest lies a pool:
Deep, dark and still, a thing apart,
The sun has never kissed its waters cool,
No man has ever fathomed it; that is my heart.

THE DIAL OF LOVE

"The world may find the spring by following her,"
My love so lily-sweet,
The flowers bend with gentle leaves astir
To kiss her feet.

The world is all a-bloom with May
When she doth smile;
I follow her as shade doth sun
Upon a dial.

Without the shade the dial were incomplete,
The sun art thou;
I am the shade that loves thee, sweet,
Oh, love me now.

INGRATITUDE

Love came a-begging at my door,
His great eyes full of pleading.
(I knew him by the bow he wore),
I held him close against my heart,
Wove garlands for his pretty head,
Garlands of roses, white and red.
But, ah, the rogue! he sent a dart
And left my heart a-bleeding!

SERENADE

Goodnight, sweetheart! Amid the dark
Your candle sends a tiny spark;
Your dear face at the casement there
Shines in the midnight of your hair;
The moon-rose blossoms full and white,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight, goodnight!

The night-moth flits across the gloom,
The sky with stars is all a-bloom.
How fair the night with stars a-shine,
Fair as thy face, Beloved, mine.
God keep you safe till morning light,
Goodnight, sweetheart, goodnight, goodnight!

THE DREAM SHIP

Ah! Late last night, Beloved,
  When all the world was still,
The mellow moonlight drifted in
  And fell across my sill.

It drifted o'er my sill
  As the waves drift on the shore
And I seemed to stand by a silver sea
  That the moonlight sparkled o'er.

And over that silver sea
  A gentle night wind blew,
That brought me the radiant ship of dreams,
  And in that dream ship—you.

YOU

The birds that sing above the eaves
  Forever sing of you.
The winds that sigh among the leaves
  Sigh ever you-oo, you-oo, you-oo.

The owl with eye-balls burning bright
  Hoots ever you, you, you;
And every sound that wakes the night
  Doth sing to me of you.

How can I e'er forget you, love,
  Each sound my thoughts renew;
So blame me not if I can think
  Of nothing else but you!

LOVE'S CHARMS

Within her sober, hazel eyes
An imp of dreamy laughter lies,
  A merry imp of laughter.
Whoe'er has looked upon her face
Is captivated by her grace,
  And loves her ever after.

Her trailing garments softly float,
It was of her the poet wrote:
  "She walks in beauty's splendor."
The silken coiling of her hair
Has drawn my heart within its snare
  In bondage true and tender.

COME, GENTLE SPRING

Come, gentle Spring, with budding flowers,
And singing birds among the trees;
Lay off thy winter raiment now,
And waft thy zephyr breeze.

Why linger yet so bare and chill,
With cheeks so wan and white?
Come forth, dear child, and enter in
With happy smile so bright.

Put on thy gayest garment, then,
And deck thyself with flowers,
And lead thy happy, joyous dance
With sunshine and with showers.

Come, dress thyself with velvet green,
And crown thy head with gold.
All nature then shall live again,
The Master's works behold.

THE GHOST OF THE PAST

I am old and my limbs are knotted like the roots of the banyan tree,
I am old, and my eyes are weary from long gazing at the sea;
For from the sea he came—my heart's love—
In a ship with the sails outspread like the wings of a dove.
He was beautiful, my beloved, as he stood like a god at the bow,
He was beautiful—beautiful—beautiful! I can see him even now,
His hair a halo of gold as he stood in the sun,
And his eyes dark as wells when the day is done.

Once I was young, Senor, but that was long ago;
But I can never forget my love. Forget him? No!
Red-ripe for kissing, my mouth was a crimson flower,
And my tresses fell to my feet in a midnight shower.
I was proud, Senor, proud of my beauty and fame,
For the whole of this great island knew the sound of my name.
It was I, at the Feast of the Virgin, who sat on a golden throne,
In a robe of silk and gems and a mantle of cloth of gold.
(Ah, me, how the years have flown! I am old—alas, I am old!)
And I bore in my hand a sceptre, a golden rod;
And my heart was frozen with pride, for I thought myself better than God!

Men practiced every art as they sought to win my heart,
But I—I loved no one—no one till he came.
Then, Senor, then my heart was sudden aflame.

MEMORIES

My love burst into bloom like a perfect flower,
I—who had been heartless till that hour!
I—whom many men had sought;
I—for whom Pietro fought
And killed his brother.
(Ah, can this old hag be I and not another?)

Three golden moons we loved, only three moons alas!
In times of perfect happiness how swift the seasons pass.
When you love with burning passion, all is sunshine and soft laughter,
Song of birds and scent of flowers—and hell forever after!
Thus burned our love, like answering flame to flame,
Till the sea, that smiled so gladsome when he came,
Turned cruel and bore him from me with a sneer.
He went away, Senor, and left no sign.
He went away and left me desolate here!
He that was part of me—that was all mine!

And I sat and looked and listened till my heart grew sick with longing;
As I waited by the seashore, how the memories came thronging.
They all came back to mock me—came to me with mocking laughter;
When one has loved, the memories stay with him ever after!

I am old, and my eyes are weary from long gazing at the sea;
I am old—oh, God! I have lost him! He will never return to me!

LOVE IN APRIL

'Twas many and many a year ago,
  And I've grown old and gray,
But the memory lingers with me.
(Ah, si jeunesse savait!)

The April sky was magic,
  The April winds were charmed,
We looked into each other's eyes,
  Her gaze was unalarmed.

'Twas innocent and child-like
  And yet 'twas loving, too,
I was wildfire and twenty
  And April skies were blue.

Rosemary—that's for remembrance!
  How can I ever forget
The words she whispered to me—
  I seem to hear them yet.

When I was young and twenty
  And she was sweet sixteen;
(At her belt she wore a nosegay—
  A little sprig of green.)

The winds were soft with April,
  The sky was blue above,
And I, wildfire and twenty,
  And I fell deep in love.

ROSE PETALS

ATTAR OF ROSES

Just as the rose, with perfume-laden petal
Exhales the fragrance of a thousand flowers,
So doth my heart, where tender memories settle,
Give out the fragrance of remembered hours.

THE ROSE AND THE THORN

Thou'rt fair, O Rose, thy beauty is supreme,
When with the morning dew thy petals gleam;
But ah, alas, thy loveliness is born,
O, dainty hypocrite, upon a thorn.

ASHES OF ROSES

Ah, Love is sweet as the scent of the roses—
Thou knowest not how fragrant a memory can be;—
Dead love, like dead roses, its perfume discloses,
And clings like the scent of the roses to me.

THE SECRET

Red rose, red rose, tell me how my lady fares,
What secret lieth in your heart, gem-bright with dew?
Rose, I prithee tell me, ere I burst with longing,
Is her kiss a-burning in the heart of you?

JUVENILE POEMS

O little girl I used to be!
I speak to you across the years,
The years so full of joy and grief,—
A rainbow web of smiles and tears.

LULLABY

The sun lamp shines in day time
To make things warm and bright;
When night time comes and brings the dark
The moon lamp gives us light.

The fairies light the star lamps
That seem to come and go
As though they winked their twinkling eyes
At Baby down below.

And now the dear sleep-angel
Puts all the lamps away,
And Baby sleeps on Mother's breast
And dreams about his play.

GRANDMA'S SUNDAY SCHOOL

Down on the farm we stay at home
And have our Sunday school,
And Grandma teaches us and talks
About the Golden Rule.

And after that she tells us all
A lovely Bible tale
Of Moses in the bulrushes,
Or Jonah and the whale.

But when my Grandma comes to pass
Her c'lection plate about,
Instead of putting *pennies in,*
We take a *candy out!*

THE LITTLE WINDS

The little winds around my door
  Are singing all day long,
And softly near my window panes
  They wail a mournful song.

And yet I never see them;
  I wonder where they go,
When I look out to find them
  As I hear them singing low.

Sometimes they howl like angry wolves,
  And yet I have no fear;
I know they cannot reach me
  All safe and snug in here.

And then I say to Mother,
  "The winds howl loud today,
But they're not really angry,—
  Just the little winds at play."

I wish that I could see them
  And ask why they're so sad;
I'd let them come and play with me
  And try to make them glad.

STAR HUNTING

At night when I look at the sky
And see the cloud-ships sailing by,
I think how jolly it would be
To sail up in that great blue sea.

I'd steer my boat up to the stars,
Perhaps to Jupiter or Mars,
And cruise around up there all night
To find out how they make their light.

They say there's animals there, too;
I wonder really if it's true;
A great cross bear that comes out nights,
A lion, too, that growls and bites.

You needn't think they'd scare me though;
I'll take my air gun if I go,
And if they dare to growl at me
I'll shoot them dead as dead can be!

BIRTHDAY SENTIMENTS

Here's a host of birthday wishes
That are loyal, true and tender
Here's hoping you'll accept them
With the friendship of the sender.

I send you the best of good wishes
On this, your natal day,
And I'll wish real hard while I'm wishing
That you weren't so far away.

You are the nicest person
Of the nice feminine gender;
That your birthday may be happy
Is the true wish of the sender.

QUATRAINS

Here's a little secret I've found out to be true:
When you're feeling lonesome and kind o' bored and blue,
Try to think of others 'stead of only you,
'Cause everybody else is lonesome too.

Her mouth where all love's graces seem to meet,
And shaped by love in all its mystic curves,
In subtle signs tell him who but observes,
There never was a mouth one-fifth as sweet.

I too have dreamed the long, long dreams,
I too have built in Spain;
I have beheld youth's golden gleams,
That cannot come again.

QUATRAINS

My heart is full of loving thoughts,
  Like birds within a nest;
I send them to remind you,
  That old friends are the best.

Pleasure is fleeting,
  So, in sooth, is pain;
Seize every perfect hour,
  It will not come again.

Once you illumined all my days,
  With your smile;
You led my feet in rose-strewn ways,
  A little while.

HUMOROUS

A TENDER-HEARTED MAID

Once on a time there lived a child of gentle mien and manner mild; she was so tender and so kind, she wept to see a window blind, and feared 'twould give the window pain to leave it standing in the rain.

Her maiden auntie she would beg not to stone raisins, beat an egg, or from potatoes take the eyes. Oh, how this maid would agonize! And when she saw her whipping cream, with horror she would sob and scream.

The very thought of killing time appeared to her a dreadful crime, and though to music she inclined, to beat a measure seemed unkind. To cut a page or turn it down would cause a deprecating frown. To see the cowslip by the river with apprehension made her shiver. And when she saw that all the trees were chilly in the autumn breeze, she knitted hose for them to wear because she said their limbs were bare!

Her heart so oft with anguish wrung caused this poor maid to die quite young.

TRIOLET

Antoinette is fair
But Antoinette is false,
With face so debonair
Her beauty's my despair.

All hearts are in her snare
As she floats in the waltz.
Antoinette is fair
But Antoinette is false.

AN EASTERN PROVERB

A Sage once said: "Most men wed fools!"
We can't deny it's true.
(Of course this is one of those rules
That won't apply to you.)

Ah, Master Sage, don't crow too soon,
We have a shot for you;
'Tis true that most men marry fools,
But then, *all women do!*

THE CONVERTED MUSE

'Tis gone! I cannot capture
The first fine careless rapture.
The golden thoughts and poet thrills
O'er sunset skies and moonlit rills,
Were mine in long ago
When, singing to and fro,
Not asking why or whether,
Went youth and I together.

Mad ecstasy is gone from hence
And in her place reigns common sense,
No longer fed on flower petals,
Now rules the muse of pans and kettles.

LEAP YEAR

Back again to Leap Year
  Old Time doth slowly creep;
Now be sure when you propose, girls,
  To look before you leap!

VILLANELLE

Love's a fickle boy
  For he wearies soon;—
Love that seemed a joy
  Soon begins to cloy.
  Cast away the toy
A-sighing for the moon.
  Love's a fickle boy
For he wearies soon.

VILLAINOUS VILLANELLES

Oh, see how the people all stare,
  That fellow has just lost his wig!
It serves him quite right, I declare,
For wearing of other folk's hair;
  He's dancing a regular jig;
Oh, see how the people all stare,
  That fellow has just lost his wig.

Jones is a terrible bore,
  He talks till he drives one distracted.
I've heard all his stories before,
And I hope I shan't hear any more
  Of his discourse so long and protracted.
Oh, Jones is a terrible bore,
  He drives all his hearers distracted.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

Young William Shakespeare Addison wrote poetry enthralling,
Sublime in subtle rhapsody, heroic and appalling,
Meanwhile his wife took washing in and scrubbed to pay the rent,
(Which didn't worry William S. to any great extent.)
He never thought of working,
But still he wasn't shirking,
Because, you see, this genius had artistic temperament.

Mae Gwendolyn O'Rafferty was learning rhythmic dancing;
To be the wonder of the age she thought would be entrancing.
In Grecian glides and pirouettes her waking hours were spent,
And yet she "hadn't strength enough" to earn an honest cent.
She never thought of working,
But still she wasn't shirking,
For this aesthetic damsel had artistic temperament.

Plantagenet McDabble was an actor of renown,
His amateur productions made him hero of the town.
The ladies praised and pampered him, and everywhere he went,
The people whispered sagely of his histrionic bent:
"He never thinks of working,
But then he isn't shirking;
Our noted fellow-townsman has artistic temperament."

EVEN AS YOU AND I

A poet there was and he sent his verse,
(Even as you and I.)
With the comforting thought that it might be worse
(Though he didn't know that it couldn't be worse!)
And thought that the thing would fill his purse
(Even as you and I.)

Oh the tears we taste and the stamps we waste,
And the work of our brain and hand,
On editors molding the public taste,
As they grimly wield their scissors and paste,
Rejecting verses with nervous haste
That they do not understand.

The poet sent out his precious verse,
(Even as you and I.)
To an editor who with smothered curse
Cried in accents grim and terse,
"Throw that thing in the waste basquette!"
And for all we know it may lie there yet,
As the years go gliding by.

Oh the scowls we wear and the hair we tear
As we typewrite the thing by hand
For the editor there in his guarded lair.
(All for the man who does not care!)
And now we know that he never will care
And will not understand!

THE OLD HALL CLOCK

The old clock in the hall
Was sedate and slim and tall,
In his face and his appearance rather grim;
For, though always on the go,
He was so precise and slow
That the others turned their noses up at him.

They were all quite young and gay
In a free and easy way,
And the French clock was in fact a trifle fast;
And the things she used to say
As she passed the time of day
Were designed to make the hall clock quite aghast.

And they whispered to themselves
As they stood upon their shelves
As each one held both his hands before his face,
And the little French clock said,
"He has wheels inside his head!"
And they never tired of talking of his case.

So in time the old clock grew
Very sad and nervous, too,
Being tantalized and worried by their spite;
He was getting so run down
That he wore a constant frown,—
That's the reason that his face was always white.

But the very worst of all
To the old clock in the hall
Was the time the little French clock ran away;
She became so very fast
That she ran away at last
And they talk of her escapement to this day.

And this gave such a shock
To the old hall clock
That he stopped.—Tick tock!

RETURNED WITH THANKS

"Returned with Thanks" is of so frightful mien
That to be hated is but to be seen;
When seen too oft, familiar with her guise,
We first endure, then "tumble," then revise.

SOLILOQUY OF A REJECTED MS.

I seem to scintillate and flow,
(I really think I'm clever);
Yet verses come and verses go
But I come back forever!

THE JEWELER'S LOVE

The jeweler's love has golden hair;
No other maid is half so fair.

With ruby lips and coral cheek,
Her equal would be hard to seek.

"Thou lovelier than chrysoprase,"
He sings to her in glowing phrase,

"Opal-pitating is my heart;
I have been hit by Cupid's dart.

Of earthly treasures you're the sum;
You're worth your weight in platinum.

Your silv'ry voice and teeth like pearls
Make you a paragon of girls.

To me you are a precious gem,
Fit for a duchess' diadem.

Your eye the diamond does outshine;
I beg, sweet maid, that you'll be mine.

But if you prove a fickle jade,
I'll seek me out a sterling maid."

GENTLE JANE

Just last evening, Gentle Jane
Went sailing in an aeroplane,
Said she couldn't take a dare,
Now she feels "up in the air."

As she was rowing on a river
Gentle Jane began to shiver,
She found the water very wet;
Gentle Jane felt "quite upset."

One more deed I shall record:
Gentle Jane fell overboard;
When she struck the ground at last,
Gentle Jane felt "quite downcast."

A VALENTINE

A valentine I must indite—
That is the task I try tonight—
And if I do it not aright
And bring my lady much delight
The lightnings from her eyes so bright
Will take away my appetite
And leave me but a luckless wight.

THE EBB TIDE

They're returning from the seaside,
From the mountain, glen and lea-side,
  From the forest, lake and river—everywhere;
They're returning from vacations,
Filling railroad trains and stations,
  And their joyous exclamations fill the air.

Dollie's nose is all a-blister
Where the summer sun has kissed her;
  Helen's freckles have reduced her to despair;
Margaret's face and arms are tawny,
Edna's neck is red and scrawny,
  And the color scheme mounts upward to her hair.

They're returning from the beaches,
And they're clamoring for bleaches,
  As they throng about the beauty parlor's door;
And each damsel loud beseeches
A complexion like a peach's—
  A complexion like the one she had before.

BEWARE!

The dangers that infest the Spring are easy to perceive;
The buds are shooting everywhere and all the trees will leave!
But I don't blame the trees at all if they're a bit afraid,
Each flower has a pistil out and every grass a blade;
There's peril in the very air, there's danger all about,
But, oh! Beware the fearsome time the brown bulrushes out!

WHEN A WOMAN'S DEMURE

When a woman's demure,
Beware.
Your heart's not secure,
Your downfall is sure;
When a woman's demure,
Take care.

Of her downcast eye,
Beware.
With her smile and her sigh
So sly, so shy;
Of her downcast eye
Take care.

There are others as fair,
Beware.
Not a whit does she care,
She's the one that gets there,
She'll get you in her snare,
Take care.

THE FLIRT

There's a maid who would die for the love of a man—
What a fool! When of men there are plenty.
As for me, I'm quite different,—believe it who can,
But I'd rather live—to fool twenty!

MA GIRL MARIE

Ma heart, she's singin' a leetle song
To-night on de Belle Riviere,
About dat girl wat she's called Marie,
Dat girl wid de coal-black hair.

De firs' tam w'en I see dat girl,
Ma heart begin to keek,
An' I fall on lofe wid her right away
An' I want to marry her queek.

Ah'm jus' plain farmer, me,
An' don' put on no style;
I don' know how I shall meet Marie
An' I'm thinkin' all de w'ile.

Wan day I meet her on de street;
I say: "Bonjour, Marie!"
You bet she's lookin' mighty sweet,
But she won't look at me.

I tip ma hat to her, lak dis;
She give me 'aughty stare.
I t'row to her a leetle kees;
She hol' her nose in air.

Now w'at to do I am not know;
I see dat's not de way
For mak a hit wid real nice girl,
An' to myself I say:

"Baptiste, ma foi, you'r one beeg fool,
W'y don' you mak a call
On her fader w'at is post-master?—
You don' know not'ing 'tall.

"An' tell him you have fall on lofe
Wid Marie's pretty face."
But still dat's somet'ing hard to do,—
He's great man in de place.

But me, Ah'm jus' plain habitant
Wid farm on Belle Riviere;
Got plenty peeg an' cow an' sheep,
An' plenty nice fresh air.

An' so I stan' an' think a w'ile,—
W'en all at once I saw,
Rushin' lak tonnere down de street,
Mad dog wid foaming jaw!

Ma heart, she geev beeg jomp wid fear
For right away I see
Dat dog is runnin' right at her—
Straight for ma girl Marie!

Den I am rush an' grab his jaw
An' hol' wid all ma might.
Of course I hol' he's teeth apart
An' so he cannot bite.

An' soon dere comes a crowd around;
Dey say dat I am brave—
An' den dey tak' dat dog away
An' so Marie is save.'

Dat's not so moche a t'ing to do,—
Marie, she t'ink it's fine.
So w'ile she t'ink I am so brave,
I ask her to be mine!

Marie she blush jus' lak a rose,
An' smile a leetle smile,
Den she geev a fonny look
An' say to wait a w'ile.

I say I cannot wait a w'ile
Because I lofe her so,
An' so I ask her pretty plain
Eef it ees "yes" or "no."

Ah, den Marie she blush again,
She smile an' she say, "Yes!"
Oh my! I ac' jus' lak wil' man—
(I ac' lak fool, I guess.)

An' on our wedding day nex' week,
De peop' de bride will hail,
An' I will wear Prince Albert pants
An' drink real ginger ale!

Ma heart, she sings a leetle song
To-night on de Belle Riviere,
About dat girl w'hat she's call Marie,
Ma girl wid de coal-black hair.

EARLIER POEMS

AN ADVENT HYMN

O silver star of even,
  Sparkling on high,
Thou look'st on the earth
  With thine all-seeing eye.
Thou saw'st the shepherds lowly,
  Guarding by night,
Sheep and young lambkins
  Fleecy and white.
Sawest thou their looks of awe,
  Wonder and fear,
As God's glorious angel
  To them did appear.
Flashing his silver wings,
  Shining all bright,
Softly the angel spake,
  "Be not afright,
For unto you is born,"
  The angel smiled,
"In the city of David,
  A saviour child,
Low in a manger laid,
  Dumb beasts around."
Then when the angel ceased
  Was heard the sound
Of a bright host divine,
  Singing on high,
While their effulgence
  Brightened the sky,

"Glory to God," they sang.
Again and again,
Sang they the song of "peace,
Good-will to men."

Tell me, O star on high,
Brilliant white star,
Heard'st thou the camel bells
Tinkling afar?
Did your bright rays divine
The magi guide
Till they came to the place
Where the child did abide?
Bright gold and myrrh
And frankincense sweet
They brought from afar
To lay at his feet.

Lead us, O guiding star,
As thou didst them
To worship the Babe
Of Bethlehem.
Not frankincense or myrrh,
Or gold bring we,
Only our loving hearts
We offer to Thee.

BALLADE OF YE DAMSELS THREE

Oh hearken, hearken to my lay,
Oh, list, ye people all,
The while I'll tell what fearful thing
Three damsels did befall.
'Twas on the ides of June, indeed,
A sultry summer's day,
When from the house three maidens fair
Came running out to play.
Six pigtails floated on the wind,
And at each pigtail end
A ribbon bright, of rosy hue,
Came streaming down behind.
Now two had locks of flaxen hue,
And one had auburn hair,
But each had eyes of rare pale blue,
Freckled was each face fair.
Now one—'twas she of the auburn hair—
(She had a spirit bold),
She took some stones from a neighboring brook
As David did of old,
And to the others thus spake she
In accents full of guile,
And those two pairs of pale blue eyes
Were fixed on her the while.
This wicked little girl, quoth she:
"Now, Jane and little Sue,
I have a plan I think you'll like,
To make old Brindle moo.
These pebbles round and smooth, I'll take
And sling them at the cow;
Now get you some within your hands
And I will show you how."

They gat them stones within their hands
And slang them at the beast,
When lo, the cow, she turned her round
And faced her toward the east.
They smote her on her brindle side,
And on her brindle head.
Shed tears, I prithee, reader, now,
If you have tears to shed.
For that awful beast she charged about
With e'er increasing ire,
And turned upon those damsels three
Her dreadful eyes of fire.
Oh, naughty, naughty damsels three,
With fright their pale eyes gleam,
And every freckle on each face
Stands out alone, supreme.
They hie them to the stable loft,
And strive to climb the stair,
The ribands bright of rosy hue
On both flax and auburn hair;
The cow she spied those ribands red,
Mephistophelean shade!
And at those trembling damsels three
A desperate charge she made,
And with her horns so very sharp
She gored them through and through,
And left them weltering in their gore
With upturned eyes of blue.

Now all of ye who read this tale,
In mind this moral bear,
If you have locks of flaxen hue,
Or even auburn hair,
Don't monkey with the buzz saw,
And of pistols have a care,
But above all other earthly things,
Of brindle cows beware.

KEEPIN' HOUSE FER ED

We thought she'd do suthin' sometime,
  Becuz she allus said
She figgered on bein' famous—
  But she's keepin' house fer Ed.

She was pretty an' sweet as a picter,
  With a way o' holdin' her head
Like she was the queen o' the country—
  But she's keepin' house fer Ed.

She's had to pitch in an' hustle
  Sence the day that she was wed,
But she's happy as a cricket
  Jes' a-keepin' house fer Ed.

Just to be loyal an' tender,
  (When all is done an' said),
Is woman's highest art in life;
  "Jes' keepin' house fer Ed."

AN IDEAL HUSBAND

An ideal husband is a man
Who always does the best he can
To lead an ideal family life
And keep the household free from strife.
He must be strong and full of health,
And if he has not too much wealth,
He must have brains to make a living
And still have something left for giving;
The man I'd like would not be "tight"
Nor yet a spendthrift,—but just right.
He must love beauty everywhere
And be serene and void of care;
Be sunny and sweet-tempered, too,
Must see a joke; be seldom "blue."
His manners charming, full of tact,
Prove he's a gentleman, in fact.
He would not swear by stars above me
That he would never cease to love me,
But by his actions I would feel
That he was staunch and true as steel.
As for the color of his hair;
For such a thing I would not care.
If he were true and kind and good,
I'd love him dearly—yes I would!
An ideal husband is a man
Who always does the best he can.

YOUNG JAMES

Young James he was a likely lad
As every one might see;
His father and his mother thought
No one was like Jimee.

Now James he was the Chieftain
Of a band of Indians brave,
Who vowed that they would follow him
To glory or the grave.

'Twas on the fourth day of July,
Loved Independence Day,
When all the boys straightway began
At Indians to play.

Young James he was a gallant chief,
His steed, his father's cane,
And six brave Indian followers, Jim
Did lead a-down the lane.

They met a band of wicked boys,
(Most people called them tough)
Who cast rocks at that Indian band,
And called young James a "Muff."

Now James' Mamma had said to him
As she tied his necktie neat,
"Now do avoid those naughty boys
That live on Slocum Street."

Young James forgot Mamma's advice,
And straightway he began
To smite one of those wicked boys,
I think they called him Dan.

And all his Indian followers brave
Came then with ready aid,
And at those naughty wicked boys
A brave attack they made.

Then James he got his cannon, small,
And aimed it at the foe;
Oh, the little legs of those naughty boys,
You should have seen them go.

And then the naughty wicked boys
Threw firecrackers red,
And one hit Jimmy in the eye,
Another in the head.

And now the battle over,
They count the gory dead;
Young James he had a broken arm,
Also a broken head.

Today his face it wears a look
As if he'd lost all hope;
The blackness on his azure eye
Will not come off with soap.

They bore him to his humble home
And laid him on his bed;
His mother's heart is sore with grief,
And many tears she shed.

His mouth he cannot ope to speak,
Much less to give a growl;
It pains him much to even frown,
It hurts him more to scowl.

GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN

Hyacinth, daisy and lavender,
Hollyhock and rose,
Even little violet,
The sweetest flower that blows,

All these in Grandmother's garden,
In beauteous disarray,
Are standing by each other,
And are lovely all the day.

Sir Robin is a visitor,
And every morn he comes,
And whispers to the violet,
While near the wild bee hums.

THE BREWER'S RIVAL

My Lady Love is fair to see,
(Velvet and silk and lace galore)
My Lady Love she flouteth me
And treateth the Brewer graciously,
Alas and alack for me.

I sent her gifts of violets,
So like her eyes—but I feel yet
The shock I felt when I got the bill,
But my Lady Love she flouts me still
And treateth the Brewer graciously.

The Brewer, he is rich and fat,
(Barley, malt and the smell of hops)
He looks to me like a brewery vat,
(Oh, that I had the price of a hat)
And he rubs his hands in glee.

My Lady Love is fair but false,
(A mist of lace and a flash of jewels)
I thought when she gave me that last waltz,—
Ah me, but why will men be fools.
Alas and alack for me.

I hear the collector at the door,
(Three golden balls—no overcoat)
I think I've heard that step before,
And I wish that my progenitor
Had left me aught but my pedigree.

MY LADY LOVE'S EYES

From her balcony low my lady looks down
On a narrow street in a little town,
And loiterers sauntering to and fro,
Some with measured tread and slow,
Look up for one glance from those beautiful eyes;
For there's nothing on earth, and there's naught in the skies
Can rival or equal my Lady Love's eyes.

My Lady Love's face is a rose dipped in milk,
And her skin is like finest and softest of silk;
Her hair is spun gold, and her ears like pink shells
Tossed up by the waves and the ocean swells;
But there's nothing on earth, and there's naught in the skies
Can rival or equal my Lady Love's eyes.

THE ROBBER

High in his eyrie the robber crow
Takes his toll of the fields below.
He sees the ripening corn and wheat
And knows that it soon will be good to eat.

A SHOWER IN SPRINGTIME

In the spring the baby leaves were laughing,
  Fluttering and dancing in the sun,
And they sang the tender little songs of springtime
  From dawn till day was done.

But one day a wild wind came a-roaring,
  And buffeted the leaves with all his might;
Then they shook and sobbed and cried and whimpered
  And trembled in their fright.

With all their little strength the leaflets pleaded,
  They begged him to refrain;
Ah! then in showers fell their tears.
  Behold! An April rain!

MORNING

Our Lord makes all the earth anew
  Each morn when I awake
And scatters sunshine everywhere
  On river, field and lake.

And when I wake I say a prayer,
  As little children should,
And ask the dear Lord's blessing
  And that He will make me good.

CLASS POEM

FOR EIGHTH GRADE RAVENSWOOD SCHOOL

June 29, 1894

O silver-winged Muse, descend,
'Tis of my classmates, all, I sing,
The artists and the singers embryo,
The budding essayists, all, all,
And bid them each a fond farewell.
Free are we now from those dread things
Which followed us so pitilessly through the year,
That juggernaut arithmetic, which with its iron goad
Did prod us most unmercifully without ceasing;
History with its barbed dates, which pricked us daily,
Grammar, which added many a convolution to our brain,
Have faded out of the present and tarry in the past.

When memory calls me back to scenes of bygone days,
I will think of that arithmetic which caused
So many a fearless heart to quail,
When we dug for that square root, so deeply, darkly hidden
In the earth, where grows the tree of knowledge.
And can I e'er forget the days, the weeks,
The months we hammered at that discount.
I'll not forget the history where we learned
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."
And where we also learned how sweet and beautiful
It is to perish for one's country.
I'll not forget the drawing,
Over which so many happy hours were spent,
Nor the language, where with sharpened wits we vivi-
sected sentences,
And followed sweet Evangeline
Through all her devious wanderings in search of Gabriel.

Some know the joy the artist feels,
When changing to his lightest touch
The picture grows;
Others, like Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Echo their native woodnotes wild.

Some will launch their little craft
Upon the stormy sea of life,
Some will rest within the harbor, safe at home,
Till their vessels, strengthened, perfected,
Better can resist the shock of troubled waves.

But now to say farewell; how can I bid adieu
To all the joys and pleasures we have shared in common?
We must part in pleasure mingled with pain,
Loss, but yet gain,
Expressed in that sweet word, "Auf wiedersehen."

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